

Cherry County Independent.

VALENTINE, - NEBRASKA

We are forced to admit that compelling that St. Paul man to pay \$3,500 for 2,000 kisses smacks of extortion.

Barnum's chimpanzee has learned to smoke cigarettes. And yet she has been supposed to be a fairly intelligent monkey.

Johanna, Barnum's chimpanzee, has been taught to smoke cigarettes. But that isn't very remarkable; many of the lower animals do it.

It will cost over \$13,000,000 to buy new sites for the schoolless children of New York. But even at this figure schools are cheaper than jails.

Asses and mules are more numerous than any other species of domestic animals in Spain. Some of them are able to bray in Spanish and throw stones.

A Missouri firm has contracted to supply 500 mules to the British War Department. But isn't it treasonable to supply the enemy with instruments of destruction?

It is said that Patti has refused an offer of \$200,000 for forty concerts in this country. That matchless voice seems to be going higher—or coming higher—every year.

A Buffalo man inserted an advertisement the other day for a wife, and within a week received 638 replies. Too many marriageable women seem to have been put off at Buffalo.

A Minnesota divine healer who performs miracles by the laying on of hands laid his hands on a farmer's horse the other night and it will take a miracle to keep him out of Stillwater.

A letter from Paris says that the high-toned butcher shops of the French capital are now selling camel's meat. If the rest of the world expects to equal this record it will have to get a hump on its feet.

No selfishness is so hideous as the selfishness which prevails among the passionate, who, having enjoyed all the wild delirium of pleasure with each other, heartlessly abandon one another in the hour of extremity.

That Nebraska girl who proposed to a farmer "just for fun" and then jilted him should be punished severely by the courts as an example. The new woman must not be "fresh." Henceforth we hope she will try to be a better man.

A Cleveland girl who had a young man arrested for kissing her admitted on the witness stand that she had kissed him first. The defendant was discharged. It looked like a clear case of justifiable osculation in self-defense.

A woman in St. Paul swore in court that a neighbor man had kissed her 2,132 times. It takes all the romance and enjoyment out of osculation to reflect that the party of the second part may be keeping tab on her cuff all the while for court purposes.

If the north pole was not to be found by an American it is a matter of satisfaction that the discoverer should be a Norwegian. Next to the Phoenicians the Norse have been the world's greatest seafaring race, and it is not absolutely certain that they did not discover America.

The report that R. L. Garner, the master of the monkey language, is to be sent to Africa again proves to be untrue. It is hinted that possibly through his subtle influence too many people have been induced to "make monkeys of themselves" already in Africa.

The German Kaiser seems determined to express his contempt for everything English. The ink is scarcely dry on his telegram to President Kruger of the Transvaal when comes the news that he has forbidden the use of the British monocle by officers of the German army. He says that the use of the single-barreled eyeglass is a "ridiculous affectation," and he won't have it.

Several Russian war ships are wintering in Klau-Chau Bay, and Russia has secured in this harbor one of the most important gateways of Northern China. Its position is convenient to Korea, and it is one of the sea portals of Pekin. A coal field is situated within 100 miles of the bay, and near it is one of the best iron mining centers of China. While the other powers of Europe are making faces at the Monroe doctrine Russia is walking off with prizes that seemed beyond its reach a few months ago.

Military visitors from Europe have always been surprised at the laxness with which strangers have been allowed to inspect American fortifications, often being allowed to roam about wherever they pleased without a permit. Recent orders have been issued which in certain cases, at least, will impose much greater strictness in this respect. The Commandant at Fort Hamilton, N. Y., has received instructions from Washington to refuse admission to strangers, and wicked British spies seeking to lay bare our weakness will hereafter be kept at a distance.

Baron Nordenskjold is of opinion that in the coming century Siberia will occupy the same position as a bread pro-

ducer for Europe that America has held for a long time past. He says that north of the parallel of about 60 degrees the country is mostly immense deserts, without forests, and so cold as to forbid cultivation. But south of those deserts there is the greatest forest belt in the world, extending most of the way from the Ural Mountains to the Pacific coast. South of this forest belt, up to about 50 degrees of latitude, are the great Siberian plains, having a black soil of unsurpassed fertility. At comparatively small cost this soil could be made to produce each year great crops of wheat, rice, and maize. These could be exported during the summer season through the waterways of the Irish, Obi, Yenesei, and Lena, with their numerous branches, and in the winter by the Siberian railroad, which will touch all points of importance on these fertile plains. The rivers and their branches will be connected by numerous canals and the railroad finished early in the next century, and then an era of enormous development in Siberia will have begun. Port Dickson, at the mouth of the Yenesei in the Siberian Sea, which was discovered by Nordenskjold, is named by him as one from which navigation to the Atlantic Ocean can be performed without much difficulty when it has been connected by telegraph with the coast stations, so as to receive information about the rapidly changing ice conditions in the Siberian Sea.

John Jacob Astor, a person whose name ought to indicate his ability to pay his honest debts, appears in the public prints of New York in the contemptible role of evading his obligations to the public treasury. If Mr. Astor were less eminent an individual there would be general expression of the belief that he had perjured himself to swindle the public treasury. As Mr. Astor belongs to the class which is merely exhilarated when other people are drunk, which commits a breach of trust in doing what it does by less fortunate persons is stealing, which violates the social conventions when it indulges in irregularities classed among less refined folk as adultery—Mr. Astor, in short, being one of the class guarded against the vulgarities of plain speaking, has doubtless done nothing more than to indulge in a little polite equivocation through motives of thrift. A year ago Mr. Astor admitted his possession of personal property to the value, for taxing purposes, of \$2,500,000. This year he takes his solemn oath that he is reduced to \$250,000 worth of personal property. Some curiosity is expressed in New York to know what he has done with it. The Astor collection of pictures, statues, jewels and bric-a-brac in the big house at Fifth avenue and Sixty-fifth street has not been moved, and people who know declare it worth \$2,500,000 itself. There is no apparent falling off in the quality of the Astor horsecloth, nor has any outcry arisen in financial circles over scandalous depletion of the Astor bank account. For this remarkable shrinkage in the Astor assets no plausible explanation can be given—unless it be the answer to the ancient conundrum about the 12-year-old boy who never had a brother or sister, yet begged alms for his baby niece.

The boy lied, but who dare say that about an Astor? Doubtless most people will believe that Astor by direct perjury or by fraudulent temporary conveyance of his property to other hands swindled the revenue officials. But what harm will come to Astor through this conviction? Will he suffer in social standing as he might if detected cheating at a game of cards? Will his credit suffer as it would if he made a fraudulent statement of his assets in order to get a loan at a bank? Everybody knows that no such consequences will attend Astor's evasion of his taxes. It is matter of common notoriety that he did only what rich men all through the nation do habitually. His case only escapes being typical because of his personal notoriety and the size of the estate involved. If he had escaped payment of a debt due an individual by committing perjury or even by juggling with the title to his property his course would have been widely reprobated and criminal prosecution might have followed. To evade payment of a debt to the people is only regarded as clever. Mr. Astor is the heaviest land owner in New York City. If he dodges payment of taxes no one profits so much by taxation of other people as he. If the streets in which his houses stand were not lighted, cleaned and policed his rents would fall off. It might be worth while for the people of New York to consider the wisdom of shifting the burden of taxation from the things Astor can hide away to his broad acres of city blocks always open to the view of the assessor.

The Beetle's Strength.
A note from a dentist who had been writing on the wonderful feats of strength as exhibited in the beetle family, tells the following: "I selected a common black water-beetle weighing four and two-tenths grains, and found that he was able to carry a load of shot in a small bag, the whole weighing eight and one-fourth ounces, or exactly 858 times the weight of the bug. If a man weighing 150 pounds could carry as much accordingly, he could shoulder a forty-five-ton locomotive, and then chain a train of cars together and take the whole lot across the country at a five-mile-an-hour gait."

Location of Garden of Eden.
Noah's wife is said by Armenians to be buried on Mount Ararat, and the Armenians trace their ancestry back to Japhet in one long genealogical tree. They have a tradition that the Garden of Eden was located in Armenia.

The old man likes to tell about the toughness of his youth, but if he was really tough he keeps still about it.

It would surprise a man if he knew how soon after he employs a man, that man begins to criticize his methods, and

THINGS BEING EVENED UP.

I stole down by the brooklet side;
The moon was bright.
I stole a dozen kisses there,
That blissful night.
I stole a march on other men;
I knew my part.
I was so good at stealing that
I stole her heart.
Now we are happy man and wife.
Why seem it strange
If, when I'm fast asleep in bed,
She steals my change?
—Yonkers Statesman.

"JUNITA."

"Well, what is it?"
"Lady to see you, sir."
"By appointment?"
"No, sir, but very important, she says."
"Very sorry. Too busy—ask her to write."

Frank Hayler bounced away from the telephone and flung himself into his chair, muttering maledictions on the heads of all ladies or otherwise who would insist upon calling or worrying the life out of a busy editor, on what they were pleased to term important business.

That was the third time during the morning that he had been rung up on some utterly frivolous pretext, and he was angry. But his anger was intensified as the telephone bell began to ring again. He threw down his pen in despair and rushed to the instrument, shouting at the top of his voice:

"What is it?"
"Very sorry, sir; lady won't go away. Says she must see you. She's waiting."
"Let her wait," was Frank's angry rejoinder. "No," he added almost immediately. "Show her up."

He sighed to himself with a resigned air, and, as he walked toward his writing table, he could not help thinking what a fool he was to allow an importunate woman to interfere with his morning's work.

And his work that morning was particularly heavy. He was the editor of the Chatterer, a paper that had not yet taken hold of the public fancy. He was convinced that it would do so eventually—that is, if his funds lasted long enough. Meanwhile he was doing his best to turn out some attractive articles, and here was this woman—

A timid knock at the door notified him that "this woman" was close at hand.

"Come in," he said, in what he prided himself to be his best editorial voice, although he really felt very angry.

The door opened and when he looked at the intruder he muttered to himself: "Poetry—or a subscription list."

The lady who had thus braved the lion in his den, as it were, was neither young nor pretty. She was rather tall, though stooping somewhat, and very dowdy looking. Little cork-screw curls were hanging on each side of her face, which was almost completely hidden by a thick veil.

"Pardon me for intruding in this manner," she said in a peculiarly weak, falsetto voice, "but I felt that I must call upon you in person, and I am extremely obliged to you for seeing me. I hope I do not interrupt you in your work?"

"Not at all," said Frank, airily. "I have one or two things waiting to be done, but they are of no consequence. Won't you take a chair?"

"Thank you so much," she replied, as she sat down very carefully on a chair with her back to the window, at some distance from Frank.

"What can I do for you?" was Frank's question.

"I just called to ask if you would be so good—" and she paused as she opened her hand-bag and drew out a flat brown paper parcel.

"I knew it," muttered Frank to himself. "Poetry!"

Then, addressing his visitor in the firmest tone he could command, he said:

"My dear madam, I can assure you that we have no room for poetry."

"Poetry, sir!" she squeaked, and there was a touch of indignation almost in her voice. "I would not think of offering you poetry."

Frank sat himself at his table and banged the brown paper parcel down viciously. He took up his pen, but not to write. The thoughts would not be led away from the recent interview. He could not help laughing outright at the quaint old lady and her squeaky voice. Then he began to toy with the parcel. Finally he opened it; there lay the three stories neatly typewritten. He looked for the author's name and address. All that he could see immediately under the title of each story was "By Junita." No name, no address.

"Well, this is the oddest experience I have ever had," he muttered to himself. Then he thought he might as well read one of the stories. He did so, and words of surprise and delight kept rising to his lips. Then he read the second, which gave him still more pleasure. After reading the last one he exclaimed:

"By George! here's a find. 'Junita,' my friend, I lift my hat to you, metaphorically speaking. You are a genius. If you don't make your fortune, and at the same time give the Chatterer a big leg up, my name isn't Frank Hayler."

And after marking a big "A" on each of the manuscripts he went out to lunch.

When he returned he set to work vigorously, and whether it was the lunch or the satisfied feeling that he had accepted something that morning which would enhance the value of his journal from a literary point of view he knew not, but he certainly surprised himself at the excellent matter that seemed to flow from his pen.

He wrote far into the afternoon. When he had finished he proudly exclaimed:

"There, if those articles don't put some life in the thing, and if 'Junita's' stories don't send up the circulation, I'm a Dutchman. Frank, old man," he continued, as he slapped himself complacently on the breast, "the Chatterer is going to boom large. I know it. I feel it. 'Junita' has come in the nick of time. She has brought me luck!"

He went home to his bachelor chambers in an excellent frame of mind. After a light dinner he dressed very carefully and took a cab to the Pantheon Theater, where he formed one of the large audience assembled to witness the debut in London of Miss Agnes Trenderville, a new actress from the provinces, who had been spoken of very highly wherever she had appeared.

Frank was an enthusiastic first nighter, for he had made up his mind that the Chatterer should be well to the fore in all dramatic matters.

He was delighted with the new actress. She was a revelation, and he felt that he could honestly praise her in the columns of his next issue. As he strolled into his club, on his way home from the theater, the first man he met was Jimmie Fleet, the eminent dramatic critic, who greeted him with:

"Well, Frank, old man, what do you think of her?"

"Think of her, my boy? She's splendid!"

"So I think. You mark my words, she's the coming actress."

"Coming, Jimmie! I should say that she has arrived, very much so; and, what is more, she has come to stay."

He was right. The new actress was a success from the very start. Interviews, portraits, sketches concerning her appeared day after day in almost every paper, and Miss Agnes Trenderville was the most talked of lady in London, while the Pantheon theater was crowded to excess every night, a thing that had not happened for many months past.

Frank Hayler was fortunate enough to be introduced to the eminent actress a few days later at a fashionable "at home." He was surprised to find how unassuming, unaffected and distinctly lady-like she was. What wonder that he fell in love with her at first sight? He was introduced to her as "Mr. Hayler, the editor of the Chatterer."

The new number of the paper had appeared that morning, containing an exhaustive appreciation of the new actress, one of his own articles, and the first of the stories of "Junita."

"Oh, Mr. Hayler!" was the remark, "your paper interested me very much this morning."

"I am very pleased to hear you say that," he replied. "I am glad you liked my criticism on your performance."

"I did not mean that. I do not take much notice of the criticisms on my acting—forgive me for saying so," as she saw a shade of disappointment pass across Frank's face, "for where they are all so good there is certain sameness about them that just becomes a wee bit monotonous."

"Yes, I can quite believe that," was all that Frank could say.

was engaged to be married to the beautiful and accomplished actress, Miss Agnes Trenderville. The circulation of the Chatterer had gone up. A series of short stories "By Junita" was a big attraction. The stories had been sent in by registered post. The editor had eagerly accepted them and put them in hand at once. The only thing that worried him was that payment had never been asked for. He had no address where he could send the check, and he was waiting patiently for "Junita," or someone on her behalf, to make application for the money.

He was sitting in the editorial-room one morning when the telephone bell rang. He went to the instrument and was told that an old lady wished for an interview. "Junita" flashed through his mind. He sent word down that she should be shown up. The old lady with the squeaky voice, which had amused Frank so much on a former occasion, entered the room slowly and advanced toward him. Frank met her with extended hand.

"My dear madam!" he exclaimed, "have you brought me some more stories?"

"You liked the others?" was her question.

"I liked them? I should think so. Everybody likes them."

"I am so pleased. I told you, if you remember, that they would be appreciated."

"And now," the old lady continued, "I have called to ask you for—"

"The check?" interrupted Frank.

"You are very kind. That is what I came for."

"Excuse me for a moment. I will fill it in for you," said Hayler.

He sat down, drew out his check book, dated the check, then turned to his visitor and said:

"Pardon me, but to whom shall I make it payable?"

"To 'Junita,'" she said.

"Oh, excuse me, I can hardly do that."

"Why not?" she asked. "If 'Junita' indorses it, that will be sufficient, will it not?"

"Well, I suppose so; but it will hardly be the correct thing."

He wrote the check, tore it out and handed it to his visitor.

"You will sign the receipt, please, in your own name," as he handed her the form to fill up.

She wrote her name in a bold hand, and handed the paper back to him. He glanced at it, and started back in surprise; for there at the bottom, in unmistakable letters, was the name, "Agnes Trenderville."

A silver laugh greeted his ears, and when he turned his head, Agnes in reality stood before him. She had torn off her disguise, and looked like what she undoubtedly was—a charming young lady.

"Agnes?" was all Frank could say.

"Yes, dear; Agnes. Don't be cross with me; it was only a little harmless joke, and it was successful. I can explain all in a very few words. I wanted very much to see what an editor was like—I did not know you, then, dear. I wanted my stories accepted, for if my debut had not been successful I should then have had an opening in the literary world. I thought if I came in the character of an old lady I should have a better opportunity of being admitted. I came. You could not help laughing at my squeaky voice, but you accepted my stories, and that's the great thing."

"Agnes, you are a born actress," was all Frank could say.

"I know, darling. All the paper say that."

Feelings in a Wreck.
"How does it feel to be on an engine when it collides with another train?"

"Well," said the old engineer, "it is not so easy to answer that question because if you are running at a high rate of speed when the accident happens it is all over in a few seconds, and if you are fortunately left with a little life and consciousness in you, you feel like one who has just awakened from a bad dream, with very distant recollections of the particulars."

"I was once running east on the fast express, which was a double-header, with my engine in the lead. We were running fifty miles an hour when we struck a coal train that had failed to clear the main track, and was pulling slowly into the middle track. We plowed right through the caboose and four cars, ripping the sides out of them, and it was all done so quick that with my hand on the throttle I had just time to shut off the steam before I was bumped up against the front end of the cab so forcibly that the wind was knocked completely out of me."

THE FIRST LADY.

Handsome Mrs. Cleveland Is as Popular as Ever.
Mrs. Cleveland's frequent social appearances lately have shown very clearly that the strong fascination which her presence always exerted among women has not lessened the veriest jot. She is the most interesting woman in the country to-day, particularly in the fact that people never tire of looking at her. No one was ever yet heard to say that he had been able to watch her quite as long as he would have liked. A great many people now know her intimately and are able to see her frequently; but, for the great majority to whom this intimacy is denied, the only opportunities come with the important functions at the White House.

At one of Mrs. Cleveland's teas recently perhaps 1,000 women had the pleasure of shaking hands with her, and at the same time enjoyed a little chat. It would have been hard to find any woman in all this number who, after this enjoyment, did not find some point from which she could stand and feast her eyes again on her hostess. Every detail of her appearance, every ornament she wore, and every word she said was discussed and admired. In evening dress Mrs. Cleveland is the handsomest woman in Washington to-day. She has a beautiful neck and well-rounded shoulders, and, with the sparkle of her jewels, making a picture of a White House mistress which is simply regal. Her smile is contagious, for her manners are always agreeably gracious.

Ruth and Esther and baby Marian are miniatures of their mother. The two elder girls love to get a glimpse of the grand daylight doings in their home, and to do it have to peep through the



MRS. CLEVELAND.
From a late photograph.

balusters of the big stairway, which is their tower of observation. They talk German with their fraulein with the greatest ease.

A NINE-FOOT MUSTACHE.

James H. Brown, of Idaho, Is the Possessor and Has No Rival.
James H. Brown, issue clerk at the Fort Hall agency, Ross Fork, Bingham County, Idaho, has the longest mustache of any man living. It measures nine feet from tip to tip, four and a half feet each way from the center of the lip. This mustache is Mr. Brown's greatest joy and pride. It is most carefully kept, and would attract marked attention anywhere. The Indians look upon this enormously long mustache with awe and reverence, believing Mr. Brown to have been exceptionally blessed by God.

Mr. Brown is by birth a Virginian. He was born in Loudoun County, eleven miles west of Leesburg, near what is known now as Round Hill. His father moved from Loudoun County to Barbour County, then in Virginia, but now in West Virginia, in October, 1857.

Mr. Brown's occupation has always been that of a farmer, with the exception of a period of eighteen years, which he devoted to the lumber business, and the time he has been giving to Uncle Sam. Fourteen months ago Mr. Brown was appointed issue clerk at the Fort Hall Indian agency, which position he is still filling.

The fame of Mr. Brown's elongated mustache is by no means confined to the wilds of Idaho. It is known



THE LONGEST MUSTACHE ON RECORD.

throughout the Virginias and the South generally. The newspapers of the places of the towns visited by Mr. Brown have loudly extolled the wonderful length of his mustache, but this is the first time that a picture of the proud owner of the longest mustache in the world has ever been printed.—New York Journal.

Youthful Curiosity.

A case has been brought to the attention of the Dover (Me.) Observer in which the parents of a small boy were talking about hanging, and in the course of the conversation the method was described minutely. A little later the child went out, got a rope, and tying it to a beam, proceeded to experiment. He was so successful in his investigation that when he was found he was black in the face, and would have died soon.

The statement is made that 4,200 bushels of potatoes marketed at Gaylord, Mich., last week, brought \$343.20, or but 8 cents a bushel.